

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO.

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Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Miss Anna Shaw says the best way to address an audience is to talk as if you were scolding your husband.

A Paris editor has been killed in a French duel. His death was perhaps an accident, but it will tend to show the Frenchmen that there is danger in duelling.

Opposition to the use of the antitoxin treatment for diphtheria has already taken an organized form in England. A deputation, headed by Lord Coleridge, has protested to the authorities against its use in the hospitals on the ground that "public money ought not to be devoted to experiments in psychology."

Typographical unions have not been celebrated for sensible treatment of labor problems, but the Chicago Typographical union has outdone them all. It is to start a daily paper where typesetting machines will have no place—the object being to give employment to those local printers who have been thrown out of work by the machines.

Holt Solt, an Indian of the Umatilla reservation, Oregon, had his hair cut off by the Indian court recently for drunkenness. He bore the same affliction eighteen months ago, but since then it has been decided that Indians to whom lands were allotted in severally were American citizens. Holt Solt comes under this head, and so he brought suit against the Indian office who cut his hair off for \$200 damages. He won his case, but the defendant will appeal to the higher courts.

A curious breach of the Sunday law came up recently in a London police court. The International Tract society, the agent of a Sabbatarian Christian sect which preaches the observance of Saturday instead of Sunday, was complained of for violating the Factories act by employing labor on Sunday. Although the law makes provision for Jews working on Sunday, it does not for Christians, and though it was shown that no work was done by the society on Saturday, and that Friday was kept as a half holiday, a fine was imposed.

Abyssinia is about to have for the first time a coinage of its own. Hitherto the only coin current has been the Maria Theresa thaler. The new silver coin is of the same value, and bears on one side the head of King Menelik crowned with the stars, with the legend "Menelik II, King of Kings of Ethiopia"; on the other side is the figure of a crowned lion holding a cross in his paw with the inscription, "Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah," as Menelik asserts that Abyssinia is the Sheba of the Bible, and that he himself is descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. On the rim of the coin is inscribed, "Ethiopia lifts her hand to God alone." The design was made by Lagrange of the Paris mint. There are also two other coins for small change.

Several years ago, while lecturing in Louisville to a convention of his race, Fred Douglass declared that the question of social equality did not disturb him in the least, that he had never desired to associate with any man, black or white, unless his company was acceptable. "However," he continued, "if a white man is well educated, clever and respectable, I would just as soon be caught in his company as in the company of a negro." He did not desire amalgamation, since he believed that the pure, unadulterated negro was the best of his race. While speaking, his eye-glasses continued to slide from their perch. "But I wish," interpolated the speaker, "I wish we could get up some sort of an alloy for the negro which would insure him a nose capable of holding spectacles."

In the coves below south San Francisco the fishermen are taking wild ducks in their nets in the following manner: The nets, which extend for half a mile a few feet beneath the surface of the water, are stretched in localities which the canvasback and other wild ducks are known to visit in their quest for food. When floating on the surface in large flocks, they often drift against the corks that keep the nets in place, and as is their habit

when alarmed or disturbed, they immediately dive. The leaders set the example and the other birds follow them. Seldom does a duck make its reappearance. The canvasback is a great diver and a swift swimmer. Once entangled in the net its struggles are unavailing. The fishermen watch the movements of the birds from the hills, and when a good haul is assured they start off in their boats and gather up the drowned birds, which are shipped to market. It is said that as many as two hundred birds have been taken at one haul of the nets. "It is to the slaughter of the ducks by this method," says a San Francisco gunner, "that I attribute the growing scarcity of canvasback on our marshes. Unless the State sportsmen insert a clause in their bill now pending in the legislature that will help to check this method of game butchery, there will be no canvasback shooting left in a few years. The law should make this style of duck-hunting, if I can call it by such a name, a misdemeanor."

A CHICAGO NOTION.

All the good notions are not born in Boston. Chicago occasionally has one. For instance, some of the children in the public schools of that city have taken steps to organize a junior American republic. The plan is to have a junior city council made up of two junior aldermen from each school in the city, one young gentleman and one young lady. All city, county and township offices and officers will be duplicated. There will be in the State, and finally in all the States, a junior legislature and a duplication of all State offices and officers. As soon as it can be brought about there will be the genuine junior American republic, with a junior congress of both houses, a junior cabinet, diplomatic corps, a junior president, secretary, treasurer, etc., a full-rigged junior ship of State.

This is as good an idea as it is to have all the children interested in military affairs. In this way they could learn how to govern. And it should not be forgotten that the children of the cities could also take part in junior charter hearings.

A NEEDED REFORM.

The air is heavy with reform. Able editors and able gentlemen who are not editors are demanding the abolition of the lobby, purity in elections and a few other things which are very desirable and which badly need demanding. But they are so busy in this noble and useful work that they do not notice some of the reforms that are most needed. Somebody must notice them if they are to be noticed at all, and we therefore take it upon ourselves to notice one of them. The other day there was an occurrence in East Haddam which made more trouble and more discouragement in that town than the lobby has ever done, and it is probable that even the defects in the constitution have not so disturbed the people of East Haddam as did the event of which we write. It appears that last Saturday Mr. N. R. Stark sold fifteen dozen of doughnuts in East Haddam, but did not have enough to supply his customers. Happy were they who shared in the distribution of the fifteen dozen. And miserable they who did not. When the people of East Haddam want doughnuts they want them, as is shown by the fact that fifteen dozen are not enough to go around. It is pleasing to contemplate the good fortune of those who got their doughnuts. How they enjoyed them at Saturday's "tea" or at the great or minor Sunday meal. But it is sad to contemplate the disappointment of those who expected doughnuts and were compelled, by the failure of the supply, to gnash their teeth in cake or something else. Picture the thoughtful wife calculating that she will make her home pleasant with some of N. R. Stark's doughnuts. As the time draws high for the expected coming of N. R. Stark the little boy or girl is sent out to the gate to watch, dish or path in hand, for the welcome appearance of him. The watcher keeps both eager eyes on the road so as to get the first possible sight of N. R. Stark's doughnut chariot and holds both ears erect to catch the first possible sound of N. R. Stark's cheer-bringing bell. The minutes drag wearily on and N. R. Stark cometh not. He has found that he has underestimated the capacity of his fellow beings for doughnuts and has gone sadly home filled with gloomy thoughts of what might have been. The little watchers are called into the houses and where doughnuts were expected there are dumps. As the fact that there will be no doughnuts is fully realized desire increases and woe deepens in the luckless households. The week ends in disappointment and begins in a Sunday without doughnuts. Only those who have had their mouths made up for some of N. R. Stark's doughnuts can really appreciate what a lack of them means, but to them it means much. Several families in East Haddam did not have a very improving Sunday last Sunday.

There must be some Reform in East Haddam. If Mr. N. R. Stark cannot arrange so that all the people of East Haddam who want doughnuts can have them when they want them he must permanently dismount from his doughnut chariot and give up the doughnut business to somebody who is capable of dealing with the situation. It will not do to have any of the good people of East Haddam disturbed by a deficiency in the doughnut supply. If the needed Reform cannot be brought about in any other way there must be a hearing by the legislature and a special act must be passed to fit the need.

FASHION NOTES.

A Skirt to Stand In.

So great is the present favor of the velvet bodice that the silk fancy waist hangs a diminished head. These velvet bodices are very plain and are worn with dark skirts. The change from the befrilled fancy silk is a sudden one. The only comfort is that the fashion has come late in the season and can't last through summer. Before next winter there will be a good chance to save enough to have one or two of them. To accomplish the dress of the picture might take several seasons of self-denial on the part of most women, but it is so exquisitely contrived that consideration of it is a pleasure, even if it is unattainable. Then the sharp witted economist will find ways of avoiding its costliness, if she be attracted to it as a whole, or to any of its features. The artist found it. It was made of velvet and garnished with white velvet.



hours to which velvet of the same shade as the dress was applied. A panel of white velvets bordered with narrow bands of fur showed on the skirt, and the belt, square yoke and sleeve puffs were similarly composed. The bodice had fitted lining, but the stuff itself was plaited at the waist, and the sleeves have long velvet cuffs. A tiny toque of white velvets trimmed with Parma violets, white ribbon and aigrettes completed the costume.

Delicate organdies are found in stores with brilliant flowers stamped on a smoke-colored ground, the effect being beautifully cloud-like. Such material is to be used unlined for the puff sleeves of summer dresses, and for the draping of bodices in the same way chiffon has been used. A few dresses are shown with skirts of the organdy made over a silk foundation skirt which is attached to the organdy only at the belt. The foundation skirt is made wide at the foot, but does not hang in godets. The organdy, however, is in enormous organ-pipe folds at the back and swirls into godets at the sides. It is needless to say that such a skirt permits no sitting down, and that it is pretty only for a very limited number of wearings, but it is as lovely as it is crushable.

FLORETTE.

THE FLEETING SHOW.

Some of Its Facts and Fancies. (Written for the Journal and Courier.) AMERICA'S FIRST BOTANIST. Scotland's peasant bard one April morning, 1688, with his ploughshare turned the roots of a mountain daisy to the sun, and thereupon fell to musing upon the sorrows of life and the remorselessness of fate. Still holding the plough he let his fancies mold themselves into metrical form, his thoughts growing more and more sombre until they culminated in the prophecy of his own early doom. So trifling and common an incident as the uprooting of a flower gave to one of Burns' finest poems, "To a Mountain Daisy," a poem that reveals his tenderness, his melancholy, his ever-ready sympathy with nature and humanity.

But years before this, more than half a century before Burns' day, near Philadelphia, a boy bred to farm work was ploughing in the field when his eyes were suddenly opened to the beauty and symmetry of a daisy. Probably not the "wee, crimson tipped flower" that aroused the poet's compassion, but his cousin, the common ox-eye daisy with its yellow disk and rays of almost dazzling whiteness, a plant like likely to excite any sympathy in the breast of a farmer. But it carried its message straight to the heart of this youth and he reproached himself that he had never before observed the wonderful structure of a flower. The thoughts of John Bartram took a more practical turn than did those of Robert Burns. To satisfy his newly awakened curiosity and admiration he hastened forth with to the city and there obtained the botany of Linnaeus. But this was written in Latin, consequently a grammar of that language was also purchased, and from it, with the aid of the village schoolmaster, he learned enough to be able to translate the descriptions of Linnaeus.

There was developed our first native American botanist, a man whose attainments caused him to be acknowledged by Linnaeus as "the greatest natural botanist in the world." There was already much exchanging of seeds and cuttings between the colonists and their friends in their far away native land. Bartram entered in correspondence with another flower-loving Quaker, Peter Collinson of London, a merchant who availed himself of his mercantile connections to procure seeds and plants from foreign countries, and who was distinguished as a naturalist and antiquary. The two kept up an exchange of plants, Collinson having taught the young American how to prepare and transmit his specimens across the Atlantic. It was through Collinson's agency that Bartram was appointed American botanist to King George III., and in that capacity he travelled from Lake Ontario to Florida, sending many curious specimens of the natural productions of America to England. Through a system of exchange with Linnaeus and Sir Hans Sloane he received books and apparatus, and from

Collinson, Lord Peirce and the Duke of Richmond fruit and shade trees and flowers. It may interest plant-lovers to know that among the products of America sent to England by Bartram were magnolia, tulip, and locust trees, hornbeam and witch hazel, cones of the spruce and hemlock, red and white cedar, seeds of the sugar maple, concerning which there was much curiosity, bush honeysuckles, mountain laurel, wild asters, dog-tooth violet, gentians, ginseng and sweet fern. That American horticultural products were in great demand in England is shown by the fact that as early as 1743 Lord Peirce had imported 10,000 American shrubs and trees.

The first botanical garden in this country was established by John Bartram. He purchased a piece of ground near Philadelphia and stocked it with exotics and rare native plants. This garden is now incorporated in one of the city's parks. On it is still standing the quaint old house built by Bartram, he being an ingenious mechanic, and an ancient cypress tree grown from a cutting which he brought in his saddle bags from Delaware and planted with his own hands.

The position of botanist to the King was held by Bartram until his death in 1797. He was also a member of several learned societies of Europe, and the records of his journeys of observation were published in London. His love of natural history was inherited by his son William, also a botanist of some note, and the author of a list of American birds, which was the most complete that appeared before the war of 1812. And this name Alexander Wilson, by the way, whose admirable work marks an era in ornithological science, acquired his first knowledge of birds from William Bartram.

Does not the knowledge of such facts as these attest the dignity and the beauty of earth's commonest, smallest things? Are they not all full of inspiring action and meaning to the awakened, responsive soul? Tiny snow-stars, passing at a breath; a shell, frail and minute, tossed upon the beach; a flower in a crevice of the wall; a grain of sparkling sand—are any of these trifles, save to the ardent and dull of spirit? "The meaneast flower that blows can give," not only to the poet, but to the lover of nature, and to the Christian believer, "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

HILARY.

POPULAR.

A deaf and dumb barber was voted the most popular man in Topeka at a recent contest.—Kansas City Star.

Sympathizing Friend—It must give one a queer feeling to have one's pocket picked. Victim—You don't feel it at all. That's the misery of it.—Chicago Tribune.

Artist's Wife—Claude, dear, the butcher is here, and says he won't leave the house unless his bill is paid. Artist—Well, let him take it with him, then.—Boston Budget.

"What are you doing now, old fellow?" "I'm a stenographer." "Stenographer?" "I didn't know you understood the business." "I don't, but I've got a job with a man who stutters."—Cincinnati Tribune.

"And you proposed to her twice before she accepted you?" "Yes." "It's strange that she changed her mind." "Not at all. When she refused me the first time it made me feel so cheap that she couldn't resist the chance for a bargain."—Washington Star.

Bridegroom (about to marry the youngest of three sisters)—My friend, I want you to stand right behind me during the ceremony and keep your eyes open. I am very nervous, and I am afraid they might substitute the oldest sister at the critical moment. —Fleegende Blätter.

Figs—It's all nonsense for girls to spend so much time and money learning to play the piano. Before we were married my wife used to be eternally practicing, but she hasn't touched the piano half a dozen times since. Fogg—And yet they say that marriage is a failure. —Boston Transcript.

Professional Insult.—Kindly Gentleman (from True Blue club)—And what have you brought back to this deplorable condition? Drink? Gambling? Gentleman of the pavement (spitting his man)—No, indeed, sir; my misfortunes are entirely attributable to free trade, monometallism, and the death duties. Immediate relief on a generous scale.—Punch.

A POET ON HIS TRAVELS.

His First Impressions of the Gem of the Pacific. (Joachim Miller in the New York Independent.)

"And the morning and the evening were the sixth day." At dawn on the seventh day out from San Francisco, a low, dark line lifted from the dense blue sea to the left, the Leper settlement and soon a huge, black crater hung in the clouds almost over our heads to the right; and so, as the sun burst over the mighty black wall of torn and ragged and serrated lava which looms above Honolulu to the north, we sailed into the level harbor I ever saw. Naples is nothing in comparison. The dense, deep blue of Copra bay is not nearly so beautifully blue as is this bay of Honolulu. The broken, lazy, little clouds that hung above the wooded town on the hillside were white as cotton; and this, maybe, made the intense blue of the bay still more emphatic.

As we slowly rounded in towards the town we sailed under a rainbow of such indescribable breadth and brilliancy that I hesitated to describe it. This beautiful witness of His covenant had, up to this time, and in all lands, seemed only a narrow half loop to me. But this Hawaiian rainbow, or maybe a succession of rainbows, was so broad that it reached from far out in the bay not only to the town, but on over the town and up the wooded slopes of the mountains to where the white clouds were torn and pierced by the thousand volcanic crags and peaks on their inaccessible summits. Conceive a rainbow that takes in half the heavens, cotton white clouds,apphire seas and capillary skies, the fabled groves of banana groves, tamarind, mango, cocoa palms mantling a town of red brick, and you have some idea of at least the color of Honolulu as I first saw the missionary city.

The Moslem prophet refused to descend into Damascus, saying that if he named any man to enter heaven, but none, and I confess that I descended to the wharf but in hand, and with a

heart bursting with gratitude, do not reproach me. The Independent has sent me to many far-away and many fair ports this past quarter of a century; but all of them put together, it seems to me, would not nearly match this landing here under the rainbow in this New England city of the great seas.

Such boundless good nature! No noise, no friction, although, as the landing of a steamer is the one event of the week, the wharf was packed with people of every color, class or nation, yet not one loud or the least uncivil word was heard. It was, exactly like Sunday, even like a crowded church service amid the Christmas evergreens.

Nearly everybody barefooted. The native women were mostly clad in loose silk gowns, of the Mother Hubbard pattern. Little sailor straw hats with broad and gaudy cords and bands of silk, but one and all barefooted. The custom house officers barefooted, the police, the soldiers also. Of course I do not mean all the officers and leading men in any department, the most of whom are white people. But as a rule you can set it down here as "the land of everlasting barefoot."

I opened my bag as I came along in the line of passengers to the big iron gate that opens out into the city, and handed it to a barefooted official in gorgeous uniform. His inquiring hand unearthed a flask of whiskey. I had a pride in that flask, for it was the gift of a friend, a parting gift and, credit me for it, I had preserved it for seven days and nights, and wished still to preserve it. So leaning over to the gorgeous uniform, I whispered, with George Washington simplicity, "Snake medicine." The uniform whispered back: "He no snake in all Hawaii!"

Then he took out the cork, smelled of it, tasted it, handed it to the next gorgeous uniform; and this one also said, in a low, solemn whisper: "He no snake in all Hawaii!" The other passengers began to laugh, then they roared; but the officers never cracked a smile, and in less than a minute the flask was empty, returned to the bag, the bag chalked, and I passed on through the gate into Eden, glad enough at the price I paid to know that "it no snake in all Hawaii!"

The prettiest little one-horse, two-seated victorias are seen standing all around under the broad banana trees, by the red brick houses and by the green squares up and down the town. These are the "cabs" of Honolulu; the only decent cabs I ever saw in my life; and the only decent cabsmen. They are all natives, clad in white, and like their little carriages, most scrupulously clean. There is no city in the world where there are so many carriages, comparatively, as in Honolulu. Probably the basis of it lies in the fact that there is no land on the globe nearly so rich as these islands; other lands produce

Housekeepers

should know about

Kipperd Herring

(a favorite Scotch dish.)

They are small, spawning salmon, split, seasoned and smoked, packed in tins. * * *

To prepare for the table, simply open the can, place the Kippers on a broiler and heat over a quick fire.

One of the best things about them is the price, . . . 22 cts.

TRY THEM

for tomorrow's BREAKFAST.

Edw. E. HALL & Son, 770 Chapel Street.

Fancy Shirtings FOR 1895.

Our shirtings in Madras, Cheviots and Oxfords, cloths for the season of 1895, are now ready and orders will be taken for Ladies' shirts, waists and blouses, or sold by the yard if desired.

For Men's and Youth's business, negligee and

OUTING SHIRTS.

Dress and Business Shirts. \$1.50, \$2.00 and up.

CHASE & CO.

New Haven House Building.

We Are Offering

Special Inducements IN PRICES OF

CHAMBER SUITES,

In order to make room for our spring purchases.

Now is the Time to Buy.

THE BOWDITCH & PRUDEN CO.

104-106 Orange Street.

ducing for export from ten to fifty dollars, while Hawaii easily has far above one hundred annually to export to each inhabitant, and yet sits half her time in a carriage!

And such pretty little horses, fat and sleek as mules! every one a mute but unimpeachable witness to the good, gentle heart of the Hawaiian cabman. The horses are all, as a rule, imported from California; also their feed. "Thank you, sir," said the dusky little driver as I set my bag in his victoria. "Where to?" "Down the bay, through your public gardens."

The roads along the sea are level as a floor; long, narrow artificial fish ponds right and left. The long, narrow islands that stretch between the ponds are set with banana trees that bend to the water's edge with their golden loads. These artificial fish ponds are older, many centuries older, than the English discovery; but these perfect roads are surely of Saxon make. Great, portable stone crushers grind the brittle and porous lava, found right at hand everywhere, to a fit fineness; and this, distributed generously over all the streets and highways, gives such perfect carriage driveways to the Sandwich Islands as are seen nowhere else on the globe.

I drove more than a dozen miles down the warm sea bank with its white ripple of sand only here and there visible through the palm, the cocoa, the tamarind, the mango groves; and all these groves clanging and ringing with the songs of birds. Mark Twain had lived here, Robert Louis Stevenson there; great captains of the land and great captains of the sea, travelers, men of science, famous men of all sorts. I spent the day in a carriage, at less cost than an hour would be in New York, and had more civility from my driver, stranger to stranger, than you could find in any city in the United States or Europe under like circumstances, though you should comb it from end to end with a fine-tooth comb.

I drove to the Royal Hotel, spent my first week there; three dollars a day; beautiful grounds, the Government band playing—all things bright, joyous, flowery, well befitting the approach of the New Year in a tropic Christian land. I walked through the town under the electric lights at night to see the hundreds of flower women wearing wreaths. This boundless good nature must be climatic. It has spread to all people of all nations here. A flower girl with her basket of wreaths and roses, from valley or mountain, wild or tame, comes along looking for a cool place to spend her night. Likely enough she, with a dozen others gathered about her, will locate right under a big bay window all tricked out with toys. It may be a Jew merchant, German, Greek, or Turk who sees his goods cut off from the passer by on the narrow sidewalk; but he is good naturedly indifferent, and God bless him and prosper him for it!

Boys' suits 75c up at 51 Church street.

Great clearing sale at Oak Hall.

People From All Parts

Of the city and country visit our store daily to purchase the

Finest Tea Ever Sold at the Price in This City.

Elegant English Breakfast Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Choice Formosa Oolong Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Extra choice Japan Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Choice Imperial Gunpowder Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Headquarters for the finest grades of Coffees imported.

Goodwin's Tea & Coffee Store,

344 State Street, Yale National Bank Building.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SCHOOL BUILDING.

SEALED proposals will be received at the office of William H. Allen, architect, No. 28 Church street, New Haven, Conn., on the 15th day of March, 1895, for the carpenter work, mason work, plumbing, heating and ventilating for school building to be built for the New Haven City School District, on land belonging to the said district, situated on Grand avenue, in the City of New Haven, Conn., in accordance with the drawings and specifications, copies of which may be had at the office of the architect.

Bids will be received for each part of the work as above enumerated, separately. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids, and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, should it be deemed in the interest of the said school district to do so.

Bids will be opened at the office of the Board of Education, Friday evening, March 15th, at 8 o'clock.

By order of the Board of Education. FRED A. BETTS, Chairman Committee on School Buildings, 721 cochr.

WHY WAIT

Until Housecleaning before selecting your New Carpet, Furniture and other Housefurnishing?

We have the loveliest kinds heart could wish for,

At the lowest cost, and most everybody says so.

Cash or Easy Payments, and No Embarrassment.

P. J. KELLY & CO.,

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GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM.

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F. M. BROWN & CO.

Saturday Sale of Separate Skirts!

A wide choice of materials, all well made, perfect fitting, and prices begin at \$2.00

You put the Adjustable Skirt on you do a shawl—but a great dress-maker can make it fit better nor diap handsemer. West Store, Second, Front

Sunday's Dinner

Prepared in invitingly polished

Agate or Enamel Ware

can't help but taste better!

We will try and deliver Saturday night pure and bought up until 10 o'clock, before Sunday, but the shrews buying these goods keep our wares on the go. Special arrangements for Saturday's rush—the manufacturers' prices prevail. West Store, Basement

Dressmakers' Cutting Table,

as steady as a soldier's nerve, as useful as money and unlike some people, you can shut it up when you want to put it away. 75c

Such a Lot of Spring Beauties!

French Dini tea, French Cere, French Zephyrs, Organdies, Satens, Lawns.

Imported and Domestic.

Kid Gloves.

Foster patent 5-hook, colors and black, 65c

\$1.00 kind—they will appear Saturday day only on the Bargain Table.

The Dotted Chiffon Veil

with satin border, is new. It comes in black and white and in all black dots. 75c yd.

75 pieces Tuxedo Velling, 15-inch with real chiffon dots, black, brown, navy, white and white and black—stock price, 40c yard; at 25 cents veil.

Our dreamy Chiffon Veils are as dainty as a frost drift in the moonlight. 50 cents veil.

Silk Chiffon, crepe finish, all colors, very desirable for waist trimmings, reduced from 75c yd., to 50 cents.

Lace and Chiffon Neckwear, corset points, Venice collar single deep, 98 cents.

Embossed silk, rosette stock collars, all colors, perfect shape, 80 cents.

Ribbon and Chiffon yokes, all colors.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, only fashionable kinds, Hosiery, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs—articles which some men forget until stores are all closed on Sunday.

Special Saturday Prices.

West Store, Main Floor

F. M. Brown & Co.

Plumbing and Gasfitting.

J. H. Buckley, 179 Church St.

NOTICE.

We have a full line of WALL PAPERS in all grades, including

CAMEO RELIEFS, (in all colorings and designs,) which is a new departure in wall decorations. We are also manufacturers' agents for

DE-CO-RE-O, Which in design and effect is far richer than spindlerock, for archways, etc., etc. Call and see samples of our work. The Wolcott & Parrett Co. 93 Crownst. Wood Finishing, House, Sign and Freeco Painting.